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SECTION FIVE

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2,360 KILLED IN COAL MINES DURING YEAR

DEATH RATE WAS THE SMALLEST KNOWN SINCE 1899, AND THE NUMBER OF TONS OF COAL MINED THE GREATEST.

Washington, April 26.—Twenty-three hundred and sixty men were killed in the coal mines of the United States last year out of a total of three quarters of a million employed in the industry, according to a statement issued today by the United States Bureau of Mines. The death rate was 2.15 in every one thousand men employed.

The bureau further makes the statement that the number of men killed was the least since 1906, that the death rate was the smallest since 1899 and that the number of tons of coal taken from the ground in proportion to the number of men killed was the greatest on record.

The statistics show that with 70,000 more miners employed in 1912 than in 1907, there were 837 less deaths in 1912.

With 20,000 more men employed in 1912 than in 1911, there were 359 less deaths in 1912.

Frederick W. Horton, mining engineer of the bureau, who compiled the death statistics, shows by comparisons with other years that explosions of coal dust and gas, the great menaces of the miner, are gradually growing less in number and in their toll of life, due, he believes to the active educational campaign of the bureau.

The percentage of deaths from other causes that the bureau has not yet investigated, shows no such material decreases, it is claimed.

"The facts disclosed offer indisputable evidence that conditions tending toward safety in mining are actually improving and that coal is now being mined with less danger to the miner than ever before," said Mr. Horton today in discussing the situation. "Although the improvement is greater in 1912 than in any previous year for which accurate statistics are available, partly due, perhaps, to exceptionally mild weather during the last few months of the year, decreasing the likelihood of disastrous coal dust explosions, there has been an annual improvement for a number of years. This improvement has been brought about by a combination of causes, the principal one of which has been the more efficient and effective mine inspection on the part of the state mining departments and state mine inspectors throughout the country, supplemented by greater care upon the part of both the operators and the miners. The educational work of the bureau of miners. The educational work of the bureau of mines has kept both the operator and the miner alive to the various dangers and has shown what precautions should be taken to avoid them. The bureau is therefore gratified with the improvement shown, particularly as the greatest improvement relates to dangers concerning which the bureau has been conducting special investigations and giving the results to the industry.

"Although there has been an annual improvement in mine safety conditions since 1907, and a particularly notable one in 1912, a still greater decrease in the death rate can be effected. Whether or not this will be made in 1913 depends largely on the care exercised by the operators, superintendents, foremen and all others in authority, and by the miners as well."

Mr. Horton reviews the last seventeen years of coal mining and finds that 33,617 miners have lost their lives in that time. In order to indicate the economic loss to the nation through this sacrifice of life, he takes the basis of the insurance companies that a human life is worth at least $5,000 and draws some interesting conclusions. He says, "If it be assumed for statistical purposes that each life is worth at least $5,000, then the total loss occasioned by the fatal accidents to miners in the United States during the last seventeen years reaches the sum of $168,000,000."

Using the same method of calculation, Mr. Horton finds that the loss through fatal and non-fatal accidents in 1911 was $14,142,000.

Ambitious.

"Why don't you make Johnny wash his hands once in a while?"

"They are taking finger prints at his school," answered his wife, "and you know how the child loves to excell."—Kansas City Journal.

THE "LOG" OF A SUMMER CRUISE

By F. F. BINGHAM

F. F. Bingham, whose versatility on the one hand is only equalled by what some people call his "politics" on the other, has now extended his talents to the field of literature and The Journal publishes the first installment of his literary work this morning.

In addition to his other attainments, Mr. Bingham is a boat-owner and a seasoned seaman. Some may be skeptical on this latter point, but the statement is true nevertheless. Last summer it occurred to Mr. Bingham that there were probably some points in the waters hereabouts which Ponce de Leon, Dr. Cook, De Narvaez, and Allie Riera had failed to discover and properly chart, and he therefore fitted up an expedition and, with his family, set forth to see what he could see. More than that he kept a log—not a diary, but a log—and it is the latter which The Journal has now arranged to publish.

This log will appear in installments. This is the first one. If it indicates that Mr. Bingham knows anything about logging, other installments will follow. If it should develop that he doesn't know the difference between a binnacle and a barnacle or that his "nauticalogy" is anything like his politics, the "log" will end with the following first part:

F. F. BINGHAM.

The First Day.

Sunday, July 14th, 1912. 8 bells of the Missus' watch, meaning 8 a. m., and the Missus washing dishes.

Yesterday at 2:47 p. m. (I can't express it in bell lingo) the cabin cruiser Peep O' Day cleared from Palafox slip, Pensacola, Florida, with her crew of eight (counting combatants and non-combatants) provisioned for two weeks, bound for Santa Rosa Sound, The Narrows and Garnier's Bayou, sixty miles distant.

My heart almost stops beating when I think of the narrow shave we had in the matter of provisions: Something bid me check the store list—and I found the potatoes, butter and bread missing. Otherwise we would have sailed about 1:47, but think of a two week's cruise without potatoes, butter and bread!

We rounded the red beacon, straight across Pensacola Bay, at 3:13, or twenty-six minutes for the 2 5-8 miles, or 6.06 miles per hour. This also was our trial trip speed—not towing a skiff or provisioned for two weeks. We were now at the entrance of Santa Rosa Sound and met a stiff tide running out. At 3:40 we rounded the white beacon which is painted black, which the children (the combatants) don't think right. At 4:53 we dropped anchor at Englewood, a Chicago man's winter place, twelve or thirteen miles from home, for the night.

I don't recall that there was more than the usual amount of scrapping during the evening. I had promised to convert the Peep O' Day into a training ship. The Missus reminded me of it, but I deferred action.

Dick caught two chopers (trout bait) and I rowed out to "the edge of the grass" where I had been assured trout and red fish awaited me. Nothing doin'. I might have known better for years ago I found that I was no fisherman. The children caught more chopers and I offered the proverbial "plug of tobacco" to the first one that should land a trout, and still there was nothing doing.

We made a call at a camp, a quarter of a mile down the beach, the Missus protesting that we did not know the people. They were the nicest kind of people and we only left early because the baby got to cutting up: "Poor little fellow," apologized the Missus, "he's sleepy."

We spread our bedding out on deck and the children fought valiantly "for position." From the way they covered the deck I realized how fast they are growing. The Missus worried about where I was going to find a place to sleep. I told her not to worry, that when morning came they would find that I had the best berth on the ship. There was a sudden hush and I lit my pipe and settled down for a quiet smoke much pleased over by fortunate remark. To accentuate its sinisterness, I told the children the story of the traveler in Texas:

There was the farmer, his wife and six children—the very same number that we have—and only one bed. "We've only one bed, stranger," said the Texan, "but it is all right. Light!" Shortly after supper the two youngest were ordered to bed. In a little while they were asleep, and they were lifted out of bed and into a corner. This was done three times, and then the Texan addressed the traveler: "All right, stranger, go to bed." "No, no," said the traveler, "you and your wife go to bed and I'll sit up." "Go to bed, stranger!" ordered the Texan, and protesting and apologizing the traveler went to bed, and in the morning he woke up over in the corner with the children.

That's one time I had the children worried. They hung on to their pillows and fairly glued themselves to the deck as I silently pulled away at my pipe. They struggled against sleep until finally Charlie asked, "Papa, oo isn't going to do that-a-way, is oo papa," so pitifully that I had to take it all back and say that the story of the traveler and the Texan, like many others concerning those two characters, was only fiction.

Thus ended the first day out, the weather the finest, the water the smoothest, the children sound asleep, and my pipe drawing beautifully.

Second Day.

Monday, July 15, Harris postoffice (on the Narrows.) 8 bells, but nothing doing in dishwashing yet.

We started a long, eventful, and in some respects unsatisfactory day yesterday, anchored off Englewood, with an alarm: "Man overboard." How that startling cry has been worked up in story books. But it wasn't a man. Dorothy, our first-born, and our sixth-best, fishing over the stern, lost her balance and struck proud old Santa Rosa Sound full in the face. The Missus ran up and down the side in great excitement, reminding me of the primer picture of the hen squawking along the edge of the pond while the dozen ducklings, that she had just hatched out, swam calmly across it. Dorothy, acting as though she had done something smart, swam around the ship and climbed aboard.

A minute or two before 10:45 I weighed anchor, spoke a low word or two to our 8-10 Bridgeport (Connecticut) horses, while Dick applied the clutch, and off we bounded, six-decimal-naught-six miles per hour, up the Sound, a fresh little breeze in our faces and a sparkling blue sea under us, a desert island (Santa Rosa) to starboard, and a wilderness of magnificent live-oaks, magnolias and long-leaf yellow pines spreading over white, red and yellow bluffs, to port.

There is over forty miles of the desert island, laying ten to one hundred feet above the sea, its surface taking all the odd and fantastic shapes of wind-blown sand; there are gorges and canyons, plateaus and wide stretches of land that look like a sea's ghost, waves of sand struck dead and white in midair. In places there are stunted pines and gnarled magnolias and small oases of dark, luxuriant green. The original Pensacola of three hundred and fifty years ago was located on this island, and numerous are the stories of pirates, and of wandering ghosts of murdered maidens that did, or do inhabit the sand dunes during the full of the moon.

On the mainland side of the sound, two or three miles away, there is nearly forty miles of land that lies perfectly as a playground for grown-ups. High land, natural shade, warm in winter, cool in summer; cold, clear freestone water fifteen feet of the ground, saltwater bathing, saltwater and freshwater fishing, and an endless variety of small craft cruising waters. The only wonder to me is that it was not all snapped up by the millionaires fifty years ago.

The clatter of my Connecticut thoroughbreds, (the Bridgeport motor "that motes") making their 435 revolutions per minute, made a soothing, drumming lullaby, and scon the missus and the six white hopes were stretched on the Peep O' Day's shady after-deck, sound asleep, while I, steering to eastward, alternated pipe and cigar. Once Charlie rolled off the hatch—a fall of a foot—and crawled back onto it without opening his eyes. Again Marjorie threw her arm around in her sleep and struck Harry, the baby, in the mouth. Harry opened his eyes and looked around suspiciously, took a long reassuring breath, and went back to sleep.

I suppose I could have come on through to the Narrows while they slept, but it was too fine to swallow at one gulp, so at 12:30, seeing a new wharf in on the mainland side, I woke up all hands and made a landing to cook dinner.

After dinner we went ashore. It is a development scheme, hailing from Chicago, and just starting. They have thirteen thousand acres of land, eight miles of Santa Rosa Sound front and several miles of Pensacola Bay front. If they'll just stick to the truth it will be a grand scheme, but following the general plan, they'll probably pretend that the trout are tame and come up to the house every night, like cows; that figs and scuppernongs grow without planting and cultivating, and that each superficial foot of land has two cubic feet of gold under it.

After leaving my name for a subdivision plat when ready, we pulled out, at 2:30. A good southwest breeze was blowing and the sound got a little lumpy, and the Missus (she's hard to suit) got a little seasick. We endeavored to convince her that it was her imagination, and failed.

We saw lots of craft during the day. I snapped a Choctawhatchie clipper that was waiting for a change of wind and tide. The yacht, "Rose," passed us bound for the Narrows. She's one of those "eight knot" boats, but if we hadn't been anchored, I doubt whether she would have passed us. Later we met two more clippers, bound for "town," and I snapped one of them. Then a ragged, weather-beaten, clipper suddenly showed up close aboard over our quarter, laying the same course as the Peep O' Day, and dogged if she didn't pass us. I stand ready to testify that she's an "eight-knot" boat. We met the mail-boat, "Swan," and the steam packet, "Capt. Fritz."

We entered the Narrows at 4:15 p. m. Reports vary as to the distance from Pensacola to the Narrows, from thirty to fifty miles. There is an old-time belief that the distance is not always the same, that it depends on whether the wind is fair or foul. But now I know exactly what the distance is. Throwing off the decimal-naught-six and the tides which might make it a little more or less, it is thirty-three and six-tenths miles, for the Peep O' Day made it in five and six-tenths hours, net.

I, for one, however, will not scoff at that old-time belief. I made it last summer, when the Peep O' Day was an auxiliary, in four hours, under sail only, coming up, and thirty-six hours going back. I would have sworn after that trip that the distance was two hundred miles.

I will never forget those thirty-six hours. Dick was sick and crying for his mother. It was blowing a westerly gale up the sound. The Peep O' Day was the only craft in sight. I wondered if I was not in the Bay of Biscay—I got so lonesome. It cured me, and I bid fare-ye-well to canvas squeaky blocks and mast-hoops that wouldn't lower-away in a fifty mile puff—no matter what you said to 'em.

Now I make six miles per hour, sure.

Six miles is a nice handy figure. It is a mile every ten minutes. When we've run twenty minutes, and one of the children say: "Papa, how far have we gone?" I can answer right off, "Two miles, my dear." If we were a twenty-five mile speed boat, it would be an awkward question and take a lot of figurin'.

The sea continued to build up and the Missus' discontent grew on her. She doesn't like yachting, and only came, I think, because I told her after our trip last year that "Next time I'm going to take along enough women to wash the dishes." But for a while yesterday she didn't have any pangs of jealousy that were noticeable.

I tied up at the first wharf (Ward's) inside the Narrows and persuaded the Missus to go up to the house, where they've treated her so nicely that I can't get her to come back. It is now ten o'clock (excuse me, it's four bells) of the day after, and the deck is littered with last night's supper dishes and this morning's breakfast dishes. I have just sent word that three months of this will make it a plain case of desertion.

The children fished and fished, and caught nothing but chopers, and last night just as I had about despaired of fish for breakfast, Mr. Ward came down to the boat, borrowed my cast-net, and in half-a-dozen throws brought in at least twenty-five beautiful, big mullet, from ten to fifteen inches long. We eat all we could for breakfast, and my Yankee soul squirms within me whenever my eyes rest upon the big pile of nicely browned mullet that must go to waste.

The baby just threw a spoon overboard. He likes to see the splash! Dorothy says we ought to fence in the afterdeck with chicken wire. Fancy chicken wire around the classic stern of the Peep O' Day. Never!

The day was unsatisfactory only because the second day always is. We wear our yokes until we get so we are uncomfortable without them. That is, the way it is with most folks. Personally I go along carrying my yoke docilely enough by making believe that I am carrying a javelin instead, and pretending that the tasks of tomorrow are merely another height to storm.

Well, I'll shave and put on a clean shirt and go up and make peace with the Missus. These dirty dishes are getting on my nerve.

(To Be Continued.)